

world, the finger of destiny was to move in a new direction, War with all its tragedy, horrors, abominations, were upon us.

Old Timer.

SEQUEL TO THE OLDTIMERS STORY OF 1907.

The present writer read this story and found it very interesting, as he lived in the same town as the runner of the story. The name of this town was Lingfield, Surrey England. At the time I knew Alfred Shrubb he was a laborer and used to run to and from his work, this being his way of training. People seeing Alfred running thought it rather amusing that he chose to run everywhere he went. As you know Alfred had a definite purpose in mind, that being the cross country championship of Britain. At this time Alfred would be in his early twenties.

The following story could easily be attributed to Alfred.

One day a young Englishman applied for a job on a farm. When asked what type of work he had done previously in the Old Country he replied, that he was an Athlete to which the Farmer replied. "We have very little use for a Athlete on the farm." The farmers son said, "Why not keep the good horses in the barn and let this Englishman round up the sheep this fall?" After having a hearty breakfast the next day, the Englishman was sent out to round up the sheep for the winter. Dinner and suppertime passed and still the Englishman had not returned. Finally late in the evening he returned, tired and hungry. When asked what had taken him so long, he replied "I had no problems with the sheep but the lambs were quite a problem. Knowing that there were no lambs in the fall the farmer decided to investigate. Arriving at the corral he found all the sheep in, along with seventeen "Jack Rabbits." The farmer then realized that despite the fact the young Englishman was an Athlete he was a very worthwhile person to have on the farm. An Englishman is as good as his word.

Written by Pop Murrell.

P.S. Mr. Murrell who is 82 years young is a Polio patient at King George Hospital and is a very good friend of Frank Lynch.